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A Souvenir of Mount Tamalpais.

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To William T. Coleman.

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A Souvenir of Mt. Tamalpais.

Tamalpais ..... *Madge Morris*
The Wine of the Winds ..... *Adele B. Carter*
Mt. Tamalpais (View from the City at Sunset) *Ella Sterling Cummins*
A Trip to the Top ..... *Harr Wagner*
Up and Down ..... *No Poet*
A Sordid View ..... *Theodore Wilson*
San Rafael ..... *H. W.*
A Legend of Tamalpais ..... *Madge Morris*

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Tamalpais.

TOWERING up from the water,
From the ranks of the hills out-hurled,
Standing the furthest sentry
In the line of the Western world.
And the psalm of the sea is blended
With the winds that around him fly,
And the sinking sunset robes him
In its misty purpling dye—
And the ships of the world go by.

Madge Morris.

Mount Tamalpais.

[From the City at Sunset.]

HOME of the elements—where battling bands
Of clouds and winds the rocks defy—
Mute, yet great, old Tamalpais stands
Outlined against the rosy sky.
His darkened form uprising there commands
The country round, and every eye
From lesser hills he strangely seems to draw,
With the lifted glance that speaks of wonder and of awe.

It is the awe that makes us reverence show
To men of might, who proudly tower
Above their fellowmen; the glance that we bestow
On one whose native force and power,
Have lifted him beyond the race below—
The pigmy mortals of the hour—
We almost bend the knee and bow the head,
To the mighty force that marks his kingly tread.

And gazing on old Tamalpais, dark
And grand in all his stately guise—
His head among the clouds—a hierarch
Of hills—we envy him the size
Of greatness, fame and glory's mark,
When there appears before our eyes,
Beneath the grandeur of his royal crest,
That deep-graved scar upon his weary breast.

The nightwinds steal upon us from the sea,
The fogs roll in like forms of white,
The Mountain slowly fades from sight,
The careless Heart breaks into jubilee.
Then, why, O Heart, desire to carve a lofty name?
Remember still the scars, as well as joys, of Fame.

The sparks of lamplight leap from hill to hill—
One brilliant star comes trembling forth,
A cold wind blows from out the North,
The careless Heart rejoices still.
Then, why, O Heart, desire to feel the dazzling flame?
Remember still the scars, as well as joys, of Fame.

O Tamalpais! Mount of Eloquence!
Gazing on us from afar,
What gift gives Fame as recompense,
For wearing of that deep-graved scar?

Ella Sterling Cummins.

The Wine of the Wind.

FAR up in the mountain above the tall trees,
Where clouds yield their sarcenet sails to the breeze,—
Robed spirits eclipsing the sun with their lace,
And flitting faint shadows soft over our face—
We stand as we quaff of the rarest of wine,
Expressed from the fir, manzanita and pine.
The wind in the gorges deep steadily hums,
Compounding his nectar of balm and of gums;
And roiling his wine-vats dark foliate caves,
The must in light liquid incessantly laves,
Around through the stems and the leaves and pine sheathes,
To catch an aroma wherever it breathes.
Then waving the chapeau, the tips of the trees,
He wafts us the bouquet from under the lees.
With such lightness and brightness all bubbling o'er,
No wine e'er affected our spirits before.
We climb through the clouds and we leave the tall trees,
But the wine ever follows along on the breeze.

Adele B. Carter

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A Trip to the Top.

PERSONNEL:

CHAPERON,	J. T. C.	BLOSSOMS,	P. M. G. C.
POETS,	M. M. Sterling. A. B. C. C. T. U.	GUIDE,	Myself.

PROSE is lonesome in the presence of poetry. The atmosphere that circles at the foot of Mount Tamalpais is laden with the tonic which gives the poet inspiration. Up from the waters, across the vine clad hills and valleys, speeds to a meeting the hushed music of the winds, the psalm of nature.

The heart of the poet is light, the foot of the poet is free, and even the children—the blossoms, measured their tread in iambics. I jogged along in prose. The poets on account of the exuberance of my animal spirits, loaded me down with cloaks and wraps, with food and drink, and with things the poets love when shadowed from the public eye. So solemn and calm is the mood that Nature brings to the mind given to versification, that an attempt to be amusing is like jesting in the temple of the Lord. The trip began in an anthem of praise, continued as a chorus, and ended in a jubilee.

We crossed meadows where flowers bloom at night; over bridges that span creeks, fed and starved by winter's rain and summer's drouth; through gardens of flowers that nodded to us in solemn beauty permission to pass, and perfumed the way clear down to the foot of the mountain trail. The children loitered by the way to weave round their fingers the silken thread that the gossamer spider hangs on blades of grass. The poets paused to peer up through the trees that are short, thick and shadowy. They admire the tints that break out here and there in splendor, and are interested in the fungi that spring up of every size and hue, from slender scarlet on the decaying log to the bold toad-stool which the children call "the lunch table for the fairies of the mountain." In a short while, the crooked and shadowy aisle that leads towards the top was reached. A deer sped across the trail. It called forth a feminine scream of delight, which so pleased Nature

that the distant hills in an animating voice echoed an encore. A mountain bird with golden throat, bathing in the dust, gave a welcome note, then flew away.

The "march of intellect" went on. Tall Tree Station, distant one thousand yards from the starting point, was reached by all. Here is the first open view from the mountain.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed one of the poets. "Yonder is the cross of Lone Mountain, nearer is the bay, white-flagged with sails. Down yonder is the garden of flowers, the meadows and cattle; to the right, and beyond, are the hills and forest of Marin; and above us towers the pyramid of other ages, old Tamalpais."

"Oh, let us have lunch," said our chaperon. The feast was spread on the shadow of the tall tree. I was no longer lonesome. Poets are jolly company at lunch—like the rest of us they take a sordid view of a feast. We rested until the shadow had silently crept away, then began again our excelsior journey. Two poets remained, too weary to proceed farther. The others continued along the tortuous path The hot sun sent down rays that pierced like needle points. All beauty was forgotten. It was now a fierce desire to stand on the highest rock at the top.

The chaperon and the blossoms reached the mountain road, then turned back for water, quoting:

"The groans of Nature in this world,
Which heaven has heard for ages, have an end."

Coatless, cloakless and tired, the remaining three followed the serpentine length of the mountain road. A final short cut was made along a hard and tortuous path. The wind of the road nearest the top was reached in an exhausted condition. We rested in full view of Lake Lagunitas. The curtains of the mountain were looped up, and the hidden breasts of the hills were exposed. The climb through the underbush was undertaken alone. The physical and the æsthetical waged a war. The love of beauty triumphed. My hot thirst for water was abated by the approaching view of the Pacific. The last rock was scaled. I stood on the top with arms out-stretched like a cross. Nature had lifted me above the level of vegetation, and cast aside the drapery of its fog. Its soul was clothed in the manhood of its truest splendor. Down the mountain side was a wildness "whose glance no civilization could endure." I could see where wheat fields, groves and orchards meet the waters of the bay, and the little village, of wild, romantic beauty, hidden by the oak trees and the willows. Just beyond the Golden Gate, I could see Sutro Heights, with its classic beauty, a land-mark of the endless waste beyond.

There are panoramas of the Hudson and the Rhine, but there are none to equal the cycle of Tamalpais, where the human vision leaps from city to city, from bay to bay, from village to village, from lake to lake, from river to river, from hill to hill, from ocean to infinite space.

Harr Wagner.

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Up and Down.

UP to Mt. Tamalpais—
Up to the land of tamales
Went we in the morning sun,
Singing and laughing and glad.

Down from Mt. Tamalpais—
Down from the land of tamales
Came we when the day was done,
Tired and thirsty and mad.

No Poet.

A Sordid View.

LOOKED at in the light of every day prose Tamalpais is a mountain twenty-five hundred feet in height, rising among the Coast Range, directly across the Golden Gate from the San Francisco peninsula, and at its foot nestles the little town of San Rafael. Its situation is such that it is a prominent landmark for miles around, being distinctly visible from almost every point—Berkeley, Rincon Hill and clear around to Sutro Heights.

The strange fissure upon the side of its peculiar dark form makes it a familiar object, and is of late origin, having been caused about twelve years ago by a cloud-burst during a storm. It tore up the earth and rocks with such force as to leave a deep river-bed, as marks of its mad career down the mountain side.

Tamalpais is a favorite camping-ground for our scientists, one of the most prominent of whom spent a year upon its peak, as long ago as 1859, while another has botanized in its locality for the past seventeen years. At one time while the claims of the mountain were being considered by the Government for the erecting of a Signal Station at great expense, a remarkable road was built from foot to summit, in a series of serpentine curves, making it twenty miles in length. The station was finally built elsewhere, but the road has become a source of great pleasure to picnic parties, who thus are enabled to reach the summit in easy fashion. More arduous is the direct path straight up the steep declivity through the chaparral—a distance of about four miles, the route chosen by those who wish to indulge in heroics. While the land all around this part of the mountain is exceedingly valuable, it cannot be said that the view has any value attached to it whatever, and yet it is the chief object of admiration, and the chief cause of the pilgrimage up the mountain side year after year.

Theodore Wilson

San Rafael.

TAMALPAIS shadows the lovely suburban city of San Rafael. Beautiful homes have been built on its slopes, and a wagon road leads from the village to the top of the mountain. San Rafael has become noted as a place of residence for the refined and cultured. Tourists from the East and continental countries often fall in with the witchery of the place, and take permanent residence either in a wooded vale or on a sloping hill.

W. T. Coleman was the first to appreciate the wonderful climate and scenery. He built an elegant residence; surrounded it with flower embroidered walks, acacian bowers and natural adornments of all kinds. He has resided in his suburban home for a number of years. The climate of San Rafael is milder than that of Oakland or Alameda, and is unsurpassed in this or any State.

It is the ideal spot for the poet, the well-to-do merchant, the artist and the man of leisure. In a few years the hills and valleys will be thickly populated. And the perfume of the flowers rises from the gardens and lawns, and mingles with the zephyrs from the ocean and the wine laden winds of the mountain.

H. W.

Legend of Mount Tamalpais.

WHEN the war was waged in heaven,
The sound of its woe and dearth,
Came down through vasty spaces
To the listening gods on earth;
And the gods held solemn council,
And they sent one strong and bold,
To search for the troubled heaven—
The heaven prophet-told,
And build a mountain tower,
A sentinel guardian tower
By the side of its gate of gold.

"You will know it," spoke the Chiefest,
"By its harbor, faith-foretold,
And the wonder world of beauty
You will see through its gate of gold."

The god went searching, searching,
Till he saw on the Western shore
A rift in the wall of ocean—
A wonderful opening door—
And a rippling, glistening harbor,
A restful sheltered harbor,
Shut out from the ocean's roar.

He saw the green of the valleys,
And the gold the poppies claim,
And the hills the sunset hallowed
With its amethyst and flame,
And the snowy throned Sierras
Where the heads of the waters wait—
And he built his tower in the ocean,
By the side of the Golden Gate.

Madge Morris.

FLOATING AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT TAMALP

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